

Real Patriotism



Samuel Francis Woolard

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Real Patriotism

SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD

The Front Cover—

DURING peace assemblages the flags of all nations participating, embroidered on fields of white, are unfurled as an ensign of the world's peace and liberty

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THE histories of all nations are filled with patriotism, from our earliest record. The beautiful, inspiring examples of the past should be all that is needed to keep alive the spirit. No new method need be taught—just old-fashioned patriotism—yet these stories must be told and retold to act as a reminder of our duty to the public good, to accord with the beautiful examples set by our ancestors—for the benefit of future generations. We must leave the same heroic memory, to have fulfilled our mission on earth.

Patriotic sentiment has always been found strongest in those that love most. In the happy household, the spirit of loyalty naturally abounds; there, selfishness is eliminated from life. When a call is made upon any one member of the home for a display of duty—that member is encouraged in its performance by all who love him. It is a natural result that patriotism goes hand in hand with love of home and kindred. The boys and men surrounded by such love become the highest and best examples of the true patriot, and the heroism of those left at home in offering encouragement and blessing, is equal to the patriotism of those going.

—SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD.

Real Patriotism

TAKEN FROM INTRODUCTORY TO "HERO TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY"

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HENRY CABOT LODGE

It is a good thing for all Americans, and it is an especially good thing for young Americans, to remember the men who have given their lives in war and peace to the service of their fellow countrymen, and to keep in mind the feats of daring and personal prowess done in time past by some of the many champions of the nation in the various crises of her history. Thrift, industry, obedience to law, and intellectual cultivation are essential qualities in the makeup of any successful people; but no people can be really great unless they possess also the heroic virtues which are as needful in time of peace as in time of war, and as important in civil as in military life. As a civilized people we desire peace, but the only peace worth having is obtained by instant readiness to fight when wronged—not by unwillingness or inability to fight at all. Intelligent foresight in preparation and known capacity to stand well in battle are the surest safeguards against war. America will cease to be a great nation whenever her young men cease to possess energy, daring, and endurance, as well as the wish and the power to fight the nation's foes. No citizen of a State should wrong any man; but it is not enough merely to refrain from infringing on the rights of others; he must also be able and willing to stand up for his own rights and those of his country against all comers, and he must be ready at any time to do his full share in resisting either malice, domestic or foreign levy.

T. Roosevelt

H. C. Lodge

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THE FOLLOWING ARE THE U. S. ARMY RULES FOR DISPLAYING THE FLAG

Feb. 12th—Lincoln's Birthday.
Feb. 22nd—Washington's Birthday.
April 19th—Battle of Lexington.
May 30th—Memorial Day, lower to half mast sunrise to noon, then full mast until sunset.
June 14th—Flag Day.
June 17th—Battle of Bunker Hill.
July 4th—Independence Day.
Oct. 17th—Saratoga.
Oct. 19th—Yorktown surrender.
Nov. 25th—Evacuation of Yorktown.
Half-masted for funerals. Haul to top of staff, then down to three-quarter or half-mast as it is called. Soon as funeral services are finished haul to full mast. Always come to full mast before lowering.
Flag never hoisted at night.
The Flag should never be allowed to touch the ground.

THE FLAG

Thirteen Bars and Forty-eight Stars.
A Bar for Each of the Thirteen Original States.
A Star for Each State in the Union.

SALUTE

I Pledge Allegiance to My Flag,
And the Republic for which it stands.
One Nation Indivisible,
With Liberty and Justice for all.



MEANING OF FLAGS

To "strike the flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission to the opposing forces.

Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again, to salute either a vessel or fort.

A flag of truce is a white flag displayed to the enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

The black flag is a sign of piracy. The yellow flag shows a vessel to be in quarantine or is the sign of a contagious disease.

A flag at half-mast means mourning. Vessels come into a harbor with a flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of the crew.

Flags are used as a symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square to distinguish them from other banners.

The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by the revolutionists. In the American service it is a mark of danger and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The white flag with a red cross is a sign of peace. After a battle, parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of such a flag.

Real Patriotism

It seems to me that the peculiarity of patriotism in America is that it is not a mere sentiment. It is an active principle of conduct. It is something that was born into the world, not to please it but to regenerate it. It is something that was born into the world to replace systems that had preceded it and to bring men out upon a new plane of privilege. The glory of the men whose memories you honor and perpetuate is that they saw this vision, and it was a vision of the future. It was a vision of great days to come when a little handful of three million people upon the borders of a single sea should have become a great multitude of free men and women spreading across a great continent, dominating the shores of two oceans, and sending West as well as East the influences of individual freedom. These things were consciously in their minds as they framed the great Government which was born out of the American Revolution; and every time we gather to perpetuate their memories it is incumbent upon us that we should be worthy of recalling them and that we should endeavor by every means in our power to emulate their example.

Now we have come to a time of special stress and test. There never was a time when we needed more clearly to conserve the principles of our own patriotism than this present time. The rest of the world from which our policies were drawn seems for the time in the crucible and no man can predict what will come out of that crucible. We stand apart, unembroidered, conscious of our own principles, conscious of what we hope and purpose, so far as our powers permit, for the world at large, and it is necessary that we should consolidate the American principle. Every political action, every social action, should have for its object in America at this time to challenge the spirit of America; to ask that every man and woman who thinks first of America should rally to the standards of our life.

I would not feel any exhilaration in belonging to America if I did not feel that she was something more than a rich and powerful nation. I should not feel proud to be in some respects and for a little while her spokesman, if I did not believe that there was something else than physical force behind her. I believe that the glory of America is that she is a great spiritual conception and that in the spirit of her institutions dwells not only her distinction but her power. The one thing that the world can not permanently resist is the moral force of great and triumphant convictions.

Woodrow Wilson

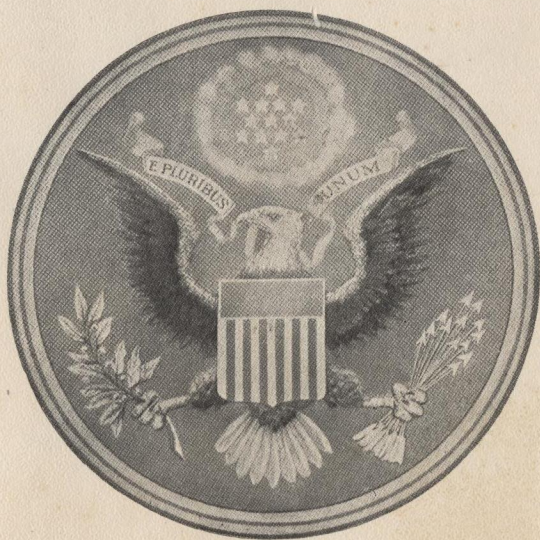
President of the United States, 1912—.



OUR country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.

—STEPHEN DECATUR.

Toast, Norfolk, Va., April, 1816.



GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES

Real Patriotism

THE RESPONSIVE CHORD

IN the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music on either bank of the river. A large crowd of the soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First the band on the northern bank would play "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other national air, and at its conclusion the "boys in blue" would cheer most lustily, and then the band on the southern bank would respond with "Dixie" or "Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other Southern melody, and the "boys in gray" would attest their approbation with an old "Confederate yell." But presently one of the bands struck up, in sweet plaintive notes, which were wafted across the beautiful Rappahannock, were caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart, "Home Sweet Home."

At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river—cheer followed cheer, and those hills, which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim.

A chord had been struck responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies then—could beat in unison; and, on both sides of the river,

Something down the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

—J. WILLIAM JONES.



ALL

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein,
With a rusty buckle and green curb chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a mouldy saddle—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable—it is not far;
The moss grown door is hanging ajar.
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger, and that is all.

The good black horse came riderless home,
Flecked with blood drops as well as foam;
See yonder hillock where dead leaves fall;
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? Oh, God! it is all I can speak.
Question me not—I am old and weak;
His sabre and his saddle hang on the wall,
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

—FRANCIS ALEXANDER DURVEAGI.

[Seven

Real Patriotism

PERSONALLY I am of the opinion that the people of this country are now as patriotic as of yore. Undoubtedly there is not the outward sign of patriotism to-day that was evidenced in the nation in other periods in its history. However, there is every reason to believe that should occasion arise to test the full strength of the patriotism and loyalty of the people of this nation, the world would witness a display of love of nation equal to that exhibited at any time by the citizenship of any nation.

The patriotism of this nation is one of intelligence and obedience. Our people are not prone to be led very far by sentiment. We are a peace-loving people—not for peace at any price but for peace that demands respect and honor. We love and revere the national emblem. We find a thrill of soul in the patriotic airs of the nation, but we are not wildly demonstrative of the deep-seated feeling of patriotic pride that dwells in our breasts. And, after all, is it not the patriotism of the fellow whose eyes glisten with tears when the Stars and Stripes are unfurled rather than the patriotism of the fellow who loses his poise with every passing sentiment whose patriotism is the most worth-while sort and of the most real value in time of stress?

It's the fellow who doesn't seek trouble and who doesn't like to fight who proves the most worthy foeman.

—FRANK B. WILLIS.

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Written for "Real Patriotism."

Governor of Ohio, 1915-16.



THE LITTLE GREEN TENTS

THE little green tents where the soldiers sleep, and the sunbeams play and the women weep, are covered with flowers to-day; and between the tents walk the weary few, who were young and stalwart in sixty-two, when they went to the war away. The little green tents are built of sod, and they are not long, and they are not broad; but the soldiers have lots of room; and the sod is part of the land they saved, when the flag of the enemy darkly waved, the symbol of dole and doom. The little green tent is a thing divine; the little green tent is a country's shrine where patriots kneel and pray; and the brave men left, so old, so few, were young and stalwart in sixty-two, when they went to the war away!

—WALT MASON.

From "Uncle Walt," George Matthew Adams, publisher.



PATRIOTISM should be an integral part of our every feeling at all times, for it is merely another name for those qualities of soul which make a man in peace or in war by day or by night think of his duty to his fellows and of his duty to the nation through which their and his loftiest aspirations must find their fitting expressions.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Real Patriotism

THE WOMAN'S PART

So it has come at last, you say—the call?
I did not know,
Nor can I realize the truth, at all;
But when you go,
No hand but mine yon gleaming sword shall take
Down from its place,
That you may wield it well, for Honor's sake,
A little space.

A little space, perhaps; yet it may be,
Since God is good,
That He will send my soldier back to me—
(Ah, that He would!)

But in the meanwhile, soldier-lover, see
How keen this blade!
Strike deep, lest Justice, Truth and Liberty
Shall stand betrayed.

I am for peace—and fain, love, would I lie
In your dear arms,
Knowing myself, while happy moments fly,
Safe from all harms;
I am for peace—but when a tyrant hand
Shall lift to smite
And menace our beloved native land
With evil might,

Then I can say farewell, and watch you go
To do your part,
Cheered by my Godspeed; for no tears shall flow,
(Lie still, my heart!)

And be our parting one of endless length,
Or briefer while—
Were it our last kiss—God would give me strength,
Dear heart, to smile.

—BEATRICE BARRY.

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PATRIOTISM is a relative term. When physical force characterized the activities of man, he who excelled in such prowess and battled for his country was called a patriot. In every age, those who have swayed the multitude by oratory in behalf of doctrines which uplifted the human race have been called patriots.

The real patriot, in the broad sense, is the man who, imbued with the idea of rendering real service to his race, does such service. Such service calls for sacrifice. The patriot that gives in service, time, nerve, energy and thought without the expectation of personal recompense is the patriot in the broad sense. The problems confronting this world of millions of people calls more so than ever for patriotism.

Written for "Real Patriotism."

—R. L. WILLIAMS.

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Governor of Oklahoma, 1915—.

Real Patriotism

THE MOTHER SPEAKS

INJURED, you say? My son? The worst at once, please. See! My hand is quite steady. I shall not faint. Dead? I thought so. God is good.

How he loved life, that lad whose baby lips first gave to me the sacred name of "Mother"! Not for himself alone he loved it, but for everything existent. A rose he would not have to wither ere its time.

When the first call for volunteers was issued he came, white-faced, knowing of the pain he was to give me, and putting his strong young arms about me said, "Mother, I must go. I am only one, but many units are required to make an army to defend our land, the only country in all the world which holds the ideal of a higher civilization in which war will have no part. Mother, I must go."

And I? My pain was not unmixed with joy, for sometimes I had almost felt no iron strength lay hid beneath his gentleness.

So with my blessing and all the strength of lofty motive I could by any means impart, he left me. And he died, you say, a hero—slain in his first battle.

Safe he is. Safe from losing the divinely tender heart and noble aspiration of the true idealist.

No danger now that hate or lust of blood may stain his soul. I did not pray that he might be among the first to be released by death from deadly strife with brother man. I gave him, all of him, as long as he should live, to this, our country. But, God is good. It will not be a cruel, hardened stranger who will greet me in the Great Beyond, but he, my splendid son, with vision clear, and soul unstained. God has been good to me!

—LIDA WILLIAMS BROCKER.

Written for "Real Patriotism."

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FROM FAREWELL ADDRESS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

OF all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked: Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.



THE TALE OF A GLORIOUS END

Real Patriotism

PATRIOTISM

PATRIOTISM and humanitarianism while not synonymous, are closely akin and to a great extent interdependent.

Reference to the Century Dictionary discloses the definition of Patriotism as, "Love of one's country; the passion which moves a person to serve his country, either in defending it from invasion or protecting its rights and maintaining its law and institutions."

It appears, therefore, that there are two distinct ways of manifesting patriotism: Firstly, through martial service, and secondly, through the faithful and ardent exercise of the duties of citizenship. That the order of these two activities in which patriotism consists is becoming reversed; that precedence is being given to the importance of having a patriotic spirit permeate every-day business and professional life, instead of finding its chief expression in a ready response to a call for military volunteers when war clouds hover low, is yearly becoming more apparent. This type of citizenship, when realized, will, furthermore, have shown conclusively that he who best loves his fellow-man and affords the best exemplification of that love by virtue of a kindly, tolerant spirit of service translated into every-day living, will at once have become a true Christian and a patriot worthy of such meed of praise as grateful posterity may bestow.

Written for "Real Patriotism."
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—GEO. W. P. HUNT.
Governor of Arizona, 1912-16.



THE LAND OF LIBERTY

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine, and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks, that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
In wild fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast:
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flow'ry dales,
The haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there the wild birds' merry tone,
I hear from morn till night;
And there are lovelier flowers I ween,
Than e'er in Eastern lands were seen,
In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
All have their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame,
"The land of Liberty."

—Anonymous.

Real Patriotism

TRUE patriotism is but another name for tolerance and humanity. Its test is found in friendliness and in the recognition of brotherhood without as well as within a nation. Our current ideas of nationality are not the last word in the relations of men. A nation is a group of men at peace among themselves. To have peace at home does not mean that there should be suspicion, fear, hatred and war abroad. In feudal days patriotism was bound by the purposes of the feudal lord, to whom all the common men were serfs owned body and soul. Nationalism is but a step toward a broader federation, a unity of spirit among civilized men which will doubtless come long before formal unity of government.

Patriotism is the spirit of endeavor to do the best we can for the welfare of those that lie nearest us, and without fear, hate or prejudice to others. Its test is its freedom from bigotry or malice. It can entrench itself beyond the borders of our city or town to embrace the whole State, to embrace the whole United States. "Above all nations is humanity," and genuine patriotism must be world-wide. "Planetary patriotism," in the words of a Swedish friend, is the goal we seek, for the welfare of the individual or of the state, in these days, is bound up in the welfare of all others. There can be no wrong or suffering that comes to one that does not, in some degree, come to all of us.

Through interfeudal patriotism the old feudal system became blended into nationalism or partial federation, so nationalism must in time, just as sure as the day follows the night, give place to some form of federation.

Patriotism has nothing to do with the martial spirit. The spirit of war is a tradition from the medieval world when fighting was the noble business of men, and when plunder and ransom gave the chief motives for fighting. The growth of science, the extension of justice, the amelioration of poverty, the opening of opportunity, the development of invention, the spread of religion, these are all bound up in the maintenance of peace. As human welfare and war cannot exist together, so true patriotism must come to mean the avoidance of war and of all war incentives. The patriot therefore is the man who loves his country, who believes in what his nation stands for, and who will give his life if need be to keep her in the path of righteousness.

—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Written for "Real Patriotism." Copr. by Pubs.



THOUSANDS of veterans to-day remember times, goaded almost to despair by galling wounds, by bitter cold and by tormenting hunger, they were nerved to heroic endurance of all these by the recollection that mother, sister, or sweetheart would expect to hear that their soldier boy had faltered not even in the face of death. I myself have seen the snow and the frozen ground crimson with the blood of men with naked feet marching boldly in the line of duty. It is right that you should preserve and perpetuate the memory of such heroism. Patriotism everywhere will commend you for it.

—REV. W. C. GRACE.

Real Patriotism

AT A PARADE

The flag went by. Not one uncovered head
Paid tribute to the memory of its dead,
Although its scarlet stripes glow vivid still
As when they dripped with blood at Bunker Hill.
The flag went by, its bars of purest white
Unsullied as the deathless ideals bright
For which our forbears bled, and every star
Gleamed on its azure field, like hope afar,
That leads men upward—deems no height too steep
For those to scale, who save their birthright keep.

The flag went by. Its passage seemed to me
A strain exquisite from a threnody
That mourned the passing of those heroes bold
Who fought beneath its silken folds, of old.
The flag went by. I surely dreamed the note
Of sweetest melody that seemed to float,
And, quivering, suspended hang in air
Above the thoughtless crowds that gathered there
To watch the pageant; for I saw no sign
That any other soul had thrilled with mine!

Where is the patriotic fire that flamed
'Mid snows, at Valley Forge? Are men ashamed
To render public homage to the sign
And symbol of a nation's soul, divine
And deathless? It is comforting to know
In '76 at least, it was not so!
History chronicles, for all to see,
It was not so in 1863!
Does our blood crawl so sluggishly to-day
That we, unmoved, that emblem can survey?

Hats off! It is your own, your country's flag!
On many battlefields, a tattered rag
It fluttered proudly; triumph or defeat
For right, it did not hesitate to meet.
It is the symbol of the hopes and fears,
Struggles, attainments, of a hundred years
And almost two score more. It is the sum
Of what we aim to be, what we have done,
Or hope to do—and yet I saw no eye
Kindle, no hand salute—
The flag went by!

—BEATRICE BARRY,
in *The New York Times*.

By special permission.



WASHINGTON is the mightiest name on earth, long
since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still might-
iest in moral reformation.

On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be.
To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of
Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it.

In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked,
deathless splendor, leave it shining on.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Real Patriotism

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of Eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Bordered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead;—

Real Patriotism

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

—FRANCIS M. FINCH.



What a pity it is
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Cato, Act iv, Scene 4.

—ADDISON.



THE DEATH OF CROCKETT

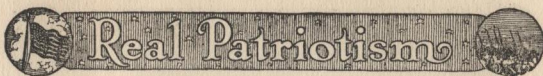
THE Mexicans commenced the attack early in the morning while it was yet dark. For two days previously they had tried to batter down the walls, but Crockett stood at a convenient place, and with rifles handed to him as fast as he could fire them, their location being easily discerned by the huge pile of dead scattered about them, shot down the gunners so rapidly that their batteries soon became useless.

Santa Anna was furious. He threw his four thousand troops against the Alamo, using his cavalry as a wall to press the infantry to the attack, and about ten o'clock gained the outer court. Erecting ladders they attempted to scale the wall. The Americans stabbed and hurled them back in great numbers. Only when human endurance could prevail no longer, the Mexican hosts climbed over the walls and then was enacted the most cruel tragedy known to history. Crazed by the terrible slaughter of his men, Santa Anna vowed that no quarter should be given. As the raven forbodes evil, so the black flag of the Mexicans told Travis and his brave men that the rules of civilized warfare had been written for them in vain. The Americans fought their way back, inch by inch to the front of the church. To the right of the door is a small cell and in it on a couch lay James Bowie, ill with typhoid fever. Kneeling by his side Colonel Travis bravely defended his comrade, but too late, for a thrust from a Mexican bayonet ended the life of Bowie.

At twelve o'clock only six of the little garrison survived, but no one heard the cry for "Quarter."

In a corner of the room stood a tall sinewy man, his face burned and mutilated, his long white hair drenched with blood; in one hand his knife, in the other his broken gun. A lion at bay! Around him the dead and dying Mexicans lay in mounds. General Castrillon, a proud and chivalrous soldier, was struck with admiration for these heroic men and like the brave Englishman at Waterloo who begged the last remnant of the "Old Guard" to surrender, spoke encouragingly to Crockett and turning to the haughty Spaniard begged the lives of the survivors. In answer, Santa Anna, livid with rage, turned to his soldiers and shouted "Fire!" When the smoke had cleared away the last great soul of the Alamo was with its God.

From "The Story of The Alamo" by Luther Chapin Bailey.



OUR LOYAL WOMEN

THERE were silent factors in that war—heroes whose fame it is not the custom to sing—soldiers outside the ranks, who never bore arms and yet bore all the burdens of war, soldiers as much beloved by those in front, and more than the commander-in-chief himself, and whose sympathy and courage and work in the war was a strong support and aid in its successful issue—I allude to our loyal women. God only knows what they suffered, and did it how nobly.

When the time of parting came, who can measure the anguish of that last good-bye? Who can estimate the courage of the wife who held bravely back the feelings of grief as her trembling lips spoke to her loved companion her last words of cheer, and held aloft the babe to wave farewell—perhaps eternal, as he turned on the hilltop to take one more look—perhaps his last.

When the husbands and fathers and brothers were away in danger, down in the camp in wood and swamp and field, she, with a power of body and mind unthought of, raised the crops and cared for the family, laboring under the constant dread lest the next mail that came from the lines would tell of the death of her loved one. Their letters from home, full of tenderness, of love and cheer, nerved the arm and fired the heart to noble deeds. The sister that did the part of brothers, the wife that did the double duty of provider and protector, the "girl you left behind you," whose white hands were nightly folded in prayer to the God of Battle for your safety and return, the mother who willingly, yet sadly, gave the boys on whom she looked with pride—must be counted among our heroes and receive our homage.

—PROFESSOR LONG.



WHEN was there ever an auspicious day for humanity that was not one of doubt and of conflict? The robust moral manhood of America confronts the future with steadfast faith and indomitable will, raising the old battle-cry of the race for larger liberty and surer law.

Wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom, or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education, or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, there, minutemen of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge, and as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber; hang upon his flank and rear from noon to sunset, and so through a land blazing with holy indignation hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back, back, in utter defeat and ruin.

—CURTIS.

President of the Civil Service National Reform League.

Real Patriotism

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

Your Flag and my Flag!
And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefather's dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the
night.

Your Flag and my Flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
Red and blue and white.
The one Flag—the great Flag—the Flag for me and
you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Your Flag and my Flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your Flag and my Flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the
sound!
—WILBUR D. NESBIT.

From "The Trail to Boyland," by Wilbur D. Nesbit. Copyright
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Merrill Company.



LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Real Patriotism

THE SCHOOLHOUSE AND THE FLAG

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name,
To her years of prosperity past and in store,—
A hundred behind you, a thousand before!

'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag;
Let the nation stand by the school!
'Tis the schoolbell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us, Equality's home;
But the schoolroom to-day is Humanity's friend,—
Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend!

'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag;
Let the nation stand by the school!
'Tis the schoolbell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot will rule.

—FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK.



No philosopher's stone of a constitution can produce golden conduct out of leaden instincts; no apparatus of senators and judges and police can compensate for the want of an internal governing sentiment; no legislative manipulation can eke out an insufficient morality into a sufficient one; no administrative sleight of hand can save us from ourselves.

—DETOCQUEVILLE.



I DEEM the essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration:—Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against antirepublican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principles of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.

—JEFFERSON.

From his first Inaugural Address.

[Eighteen]



Real Patriotism

AMERICA

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

—SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

[Samuel Francis Smith was born October 21, 1808. He died in 1895. In a letter written January 11, 1861, Dr. Smith said, "The song was written in Andover during my student life there; I think in the winter of 1831-2. It was first used publicly at a Sunday School celebration on July 4th at the Park Street Church, Boston."]



A SOLDIER'S OFFERING

The laurel wreath of glory
That decks the soldier's grave,
Is but the finished story,—
The record of the brave;
And he who dared the danger,
Who battled well and true,
To honor was no stranger,
Though garbed in gray or blue.

Go, strip your choicest bowers,
Where blossoms sweet abound,
Then scatter free your flowers
Upon each moss-grown mound.
Though shaded by the North's tall pine
Or South's palmetto tree,
Let sprays that soldiers' graves entwine,
A soldier's tribute be.

—GEORGE M. VICKERS.

Real Patriotism

NOTHING BUT FLAGS

Nothing but flags—but simply flags
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
Some walk by them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of patriot dead
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their life's young tide,
And, dying, blessed them, and, blessing, died.

Nothing but flags—yet, methinks, at night
They tell each other their tale of fright;
And spectres come, and their twin arms twine
Round each standard torn, as they stand in line.
As the word is given, they charge; they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm!
And once again, through smoke and strife,
These colors lead to a nation's life.

Nothing but flags—yet, bathed with tears,
They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears;
Of earnest prayers for the absent men,
Of the battlefield and the prison pen;
Silent, they speak; and the tear will start
As we stand before them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are not forgot;
Their flags came hither—but they came not.

Nothing but flags—yet we hold our breath
And gaze with awe at these types of death;
Nothing but flags—yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray though the lips are dumb.
They are sacred, pure and we see no stain
Of those loved flags, which came home again,
Baptized in blood of our purest, best;
Tattered and torn, they are now at rest.

—MOSES OWEN.



THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

—THEODORE O'HARA.

Real Patriotism

THE test which has sometimes been given for the catholicity of religious truth may be applied to patriotism. What has been believed everywhere, by all, and in all times, is given a premium of evidence. This three-fold test may tell us something about the legitimacy of patriotism. No country can lay exclusive claim to the ardor. Judea had her David, Egypt her Menes, Greece her Aristides, Rome her Agricola, Carthage her Hannibal, England her Hampden, and America her Washington. No century is able to claim any monopoly of the feeling. Long before the day when the weeping captives by the rivers of Babylon made their vows not to forget Jerusalem, patriotism had her representatives; and these have been seen in every year—even down to the day when the latest captive in war refused to disown his nation. There is the story told by Robert Collyer of the rough fellow in an English regiment. He was taken prisoner by the heathen who told him that he might live if he would kotow before their chief. He said: "Naay. I'se an Englishman. I weean't do nowt like that, and shame my sooart. I can die, but I cannot do that." And he did die, with the vision of the fair hopfields of Kent and the cherry blossoms about his father's cottage swimming before his eyes. This stirs something primitive within us—and something good. It touches a universal note in the human heart. The virtue which some call narrow is everywhere. Not even the hardest conditions have ever served to banish the sentiment. The Icelanders' love of country is proverbial, and it is not deadened by the fact that they live amid wildest desolation and struggle with stone, and snow, and volcano. The Maltese, living on their small rough island, have named their home "The Flower of the World." The Norwegians, loyal to their mountains, have written on their loftiest places the words: "Spirit, loyalty, valor, and whatever is honorable, let the world learn among the rocks of Norway." Even the Ethiopian expresses his cruder patriotism in the words: "God made the sands and deserts of Africa; the angels made the rest of the world." So do we find that the love of one country has captured all countries. The occasional declaimer against the feeling no more disproves its universality than the occasional hermit disproves the universality and legitimacy of the social instinct. The abnormal need not offer their natures as final proofs in the court of humanity."

—EDWARD HUGHES.

Written for "Real Patriotism."
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Methodist Episcopal Bishop.



I THINK that *Patriotism* is love of country—a steady, reverent love which carries in itself loyalty, respect of the Flag and for the laws which the Flag represents; Protection for all that belongs to our country and common sense in dealing with its vital needs.

—SARAH ELIZABETH GUERNSEY.

Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey, State Regent of Kansas, N. S.
D. A. R. Written for "Real Patriotism." Copr. by Pubs.

Real Patriotism

WASHINGTON—ON HIS APPOINTMENT AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

THOUGH I am truly sensible of the high honor done me in this appointment, yet I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation.

But lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with.

As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress that as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire.



TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA

OF course what we have a right to expect from the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of a man of whom America can really be proud. In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



PATRIOTISM of a lasting kind is what this country needs, and is striving for. It is the duty of us all to place the welfare of our country above selfish greed, or personal ambition.

To-day there is less of the hurrah that dies on the lips of the enthusiast and which is given, regardless of the consequences to the Nation, and more to the systematic teaching to blend loyalty to the flag, with loyalty to the principles of good government.

The idea of children of all nations living on American soil, beginning in the grade schools to declare themselves, "Above all, we are American citizens," is a step in the right direction.

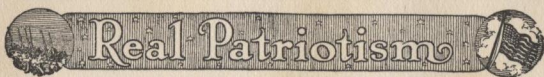
—JAMES FRANKLIN EDMONDS.

Denver.

Twenty-two]



THE SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



GALLANTRY OF STONEWALL JACKSON
BARBARA FRIETCHIE

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—
Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town,
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten:
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word:
“Who touches a hair on yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



LINCOLN’S FAREWELL WORDS IN
SPRINGFIELD (1861)

My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of this people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried.

I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I can not succeed. With that assistance I can not fail.

Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.



Real Patriotism



ONE definition of patriotism is: Love of one's country; the passion which moves a person to serve his country either in defending it from invasion or in protecting its rights or maintaining its laws and institutions. To this might be added: The spirit that prompts one to help to make the government and institutions of his country the best.

Each citizen should contribute his best effort toward shaping and keeping his country—its government, its laws, its administration, and all of its activities, true to the highest ideals of justice and right and making it strong and effective in support of such ideals. And he should give his undivided loyalty and devotion to his country and its flag and cultivate in his heart the spirit that will inspire him to live for its best interests, or to die in its defense if the need comes. He should also cultivate appreciation of his country, its history and traditions, and its value to him in furnishing him a home and protection.

"Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is his home."

Patriotism is a splendid theme and it is well for us to have our thoughts again and again turned thereto.

Written for "Real Patriotism."
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—FRANK N. BYRNE.
Governor of South Dakota, 1916.



PATRIOTISM to my mind means loyalty and enthusiasm for one's native land. One of Shakespeare's characters said: "This above all, to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

And next to being true to ourselves I think we should be true to our country—loyal to its best interests and willing to make sacrifices for its weal. For assuredly if we are true to our country it must indeed follow that we will not be false to our friends and our neighbors, and that we will be working for our own happiness and prosperity by supporting the community of interest of the commonwealth in which we are dwelling.

Written for "Real Patriotism."
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—JAMES WITHEYCOMBE.
Governor of Oregon, 1916.



OUR government was made by patriotic, unselfish, sober-minded men for the control or protection of a patriotic, unselfish and sober-minded people. It is suited to such a people; but for those who are selfish, corrupt, and unpatriotic, it is the worst government on earth. It is so constructed that it needs for its successful operation the constant care and guiding hand of the people's abiding faith and love, and not only is this unremitting guidance necessary to keep our national mechanism true to its work, but the faith and love which prompts it are the best safeguards against selfish citizenship.

—GROVER CLEVELAND.

Real Patriotism

NEUTRALIA

There is something in a flag, and a little burnished eagle,
That is more than emblematic—it is glorious, it's regal.
You may never live to feel it, you may never be in
danger,

You may never visit foreign lands, and play the role of
stranger;

You may never in the army check the march of an
invader,

You may never on the ocean cheer the swarthy
cannonader.

But if these should happen to you, when age is on you
pressing,

And your great big booby boy comes to ask your final
blessing;

You will tell him: Son of mine, be your station proud
or frugal,

When your country calls her children, and you hear the
blare of bugle,

Don't stop to think of Kansas, or the quota of your
county,

Don't you go to asking questions, don't you stop for
pay or bounty,

But you volunteer at once; and you go where orders
take you,

And obey them to the letter if they make you or they
break you.

Hunt that flag and then stay with it, be you wealthy or
plebeian;

Let the women sing the dirges, scrape the line and chant
the paeon.

Though the magazines and journals teem with anti-war
persuasion,

And the stay-at-homes and cowards gladly take the
like occasion,

Don't you ever dream of asking, "Is the war a right or
wrong one?"

You are in it, and your duty is to make the fight a
strong one,

And you stay till it is over, be the war a short or long
one.

Make amends when war is over, then the power with
you is lying,

Then, if wrong, do ample justice—but that flag, you
keep it flying;

If that flag goes down to ruin, time will then, without a
warning,

Turn the dial back to midnight and the world must
wait till morning.

—EUGENE F. WARE ("Ironquill.")



THIS Union can not permanently endure half slave
and half free; the Union will not be dissolved, but the
House will cease to be divided.

—LINCOLN.

[Twenty-five



MAKERS OF THE FLAG

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer."

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag."

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag."

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow."

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more."

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become."

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles."

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly."

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward."

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment."

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for."

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope."

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring."

Real Patriotism

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

Delivered on Flag Day, 1914, before the employees of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior.

◆ ◆ ◆ MY COUNTRY

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

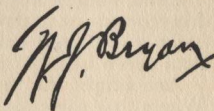
◆ ◆ ◆ PATRIOTISM

Patriotism is unselfishness measured in terms of national service; it is love of country manifested by action. As one feels it his duty to render assistance to those related to him by ties of friendship or neighborhood, so he feels it his duty to serve, not only those joined to him by the ties which bind together the citizens of a nation, but future generations.

The sentiment is unselfish in that the citizen does not, when called upon for service, stop to calculate how or when the aid which he renders others will bring benefit to himself. And yet, the intelligent citizen knows that God has so linked us to others that any legitimate advancement made by one contributes indirectly, if not directly, to the welfare of all, and that all, therefore, are concerned in any injury that comes to one of the number.

It is hardly necessary to add that patriotism is a virtue which manifests itself in time of peace as well as in time of war—it is a flower that blooms not merely on the battlefield, but whenever and wherever sacrifice for country is required.

Written for "Real Patriotism."
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[Twenty-seven

Real Patriotism

SIR, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature has placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

—PATRICK HENRY.

From the "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" Speech, March 23, 1775.



THESE heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death.

I have one sentiment for the soldier, living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

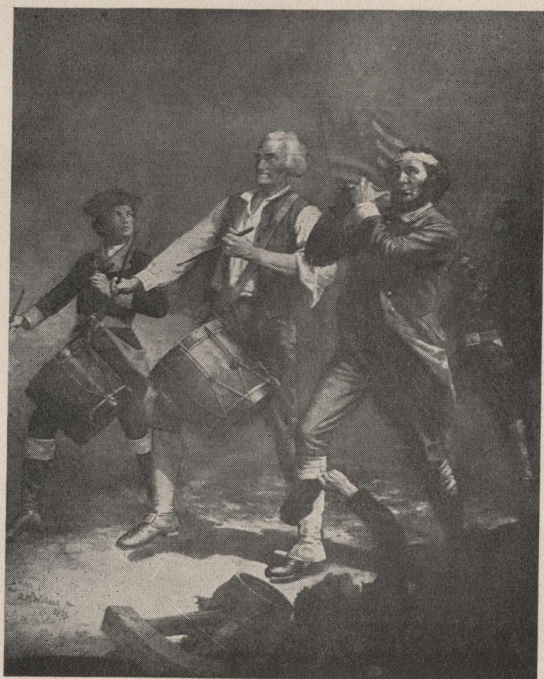
—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

A Memorial Day Vision.



The free, fair homes of England!
 Long, long in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be reared
 To guard each hallow'd wall!
 And green forever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves,
 Its country and its God.

—FELICIA HEMANS.



THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Real Patriotism

THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES

I HAVE seen the flag filigree a town. I have seen it swish and sway to the rhythm of a big bass drum. I have seen it saucily flaunt its colors to the sun as Yankee Doodle came hot, palpitating and vibrant from the yelping fifes. I have seen it surge with the battle line, dimmed by smoke, lift by a cheer, advance to the cadence of artillery and rise in the sky on the summits of victory. I have seen it cover the stilled form of a comrade. I have caught its glimmer and glow out on the sandy reaches of the desert above the pulseless breast of the earth, quivering with the trembling air that hugged its hot and bloodless bosom. I have seen it rise out of the depths of the ocean as my heart rose in my throat and choked everything but emotion. I have seen the prisoner fresh from an Andersonville, with the bay of blood hounds still in his ears, as it frenzied his gaze and froze the meager blood in his veins. I have watched it, when over the trees it glistened a glorified thing, against the boundless blue in a strange land, the people strange, the speech alien. I have felt it come into my homesick eyes, the sweetest, daintiest morsel, other than woman, the Almighty has yet moulded into form. I have seen it head the grand reviews, when each step was the footfall of a hero, each glint of bayonets a victory, and the huzzas of a triumphant people.

And the eye nor heart can conjecture no place the flag floats, nor time, nor scene, nor circumstance, when it is gilded by sunlight or sombered by a cloud, that it is not the symbol of beauty, and grandeur and glory, save solitary and alone, when it is lifted in injustice; and never will God mate His own stars, His Heaven's own blue and the crimson of His mornings with dishonor!

By special permission

—JOSEPH G. WATERS.



THE NEW PATRIOTISM

THE new patriotism demands that we must become, if we are to survive, a self-respecting nation and a nation which other people are bound to respect. Unless we become such we cannot expect our children to love our country and its flags as they ought to love them, because of their glorious traditions. Once when living out upon one of the Atlantic seaboard islands the writer's flag was floating from his house over his side-walk when a pretty miss approached, leading a sweet little girl. They stopped while the miss lifted the little one and at the same time with her free hand reached up and pulled down the flag so the little one might kiss it, which she did do most affectionately. Alas for us if the time ever comes when our little ones cannot kiss or salute our flag. The new patriotism says that time must never be allowed to come; and we are determined that it shall not.

—EDWARD DAY.

Written for "Real Patriotism." Copr. by Pubs.

Real Patriotism

OUR COUNTRY

Blue are her skies and bright,
Fair are her fields to-day,
Hearts here with joy are light,
Happy our children play.
Fathers and mothers smile
After their tasks are done;
Here gleams, for mile on mile,
Grain in the golden sun.
Here gentle stars above
Look down on peaceful scenes;
Here is a land to love,
This is what freedom means.

Streams that are pure and clean,
Orchards new come to fruit,
Land where no work is seen
Born of the brawn of brute.
Firesides with love aglow,
Homes that with laughter ring;
These are the joys we know,
These are the charms I sing.
Land of men's honest toil,
Land where no shell careens
Staining with blood the soil,
This is what freedom means.

Land of man's love for man,
Home of the brave and true;
Land where the humblest can,
His way his goal pursue.
Land where to God we pray
Not for the strength to fight,
But to be shown the way
Ever to keep the right.
This we are boasting of,
These are the joys we know,
This is the land we love,
Our task to keep it so.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

By special permission.



OUR NAVY—WAR OF 1812

CAPTAIN Isaac Hull, in command of the *Constitution*, a forty-four gun ship, engaged the *Guerriere*, a thirty-eight gun ship, off the coast of Massachusetts. Dacres, the Captain of the *Guerriere*, and Hull were old acquaintances, and had made a wager on the results of the meeting between their ships. The battle was a furious one, in which the English ship lost 79, killed and wounded, while the *Constitution* had only seven killed and seven wounded. Dacres fought desperately, and when he surrendered, his ship was a wallowing wreck. As he came up the side of the *Constitution*, Captain Hull extended his hand and said, "Dacres, I don't want your sword, but I do claim that hat I bet with you."

Thirty]

Real Patriotism

MEMORY OF LINCOLN

"Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart."

His towering figure, sharp and spare,
Was with such nervous tension strung
As if on each strained sinew swung
The burden of a people's care.
His changing face what pen can draw?
Pathetic, kindly, droll, or stern;
And with a glance so quick to learn
The inmost truth of all he saw.

—CHARLES G. HALPINE.

CERTAIN it is that we have never had a man in public life whose sense of duty was stronger, whose bearing towards those with whom he came in contact, whether his friends or political opponents, was characterized by a greater sense of fairness than Abraham Lincoln. We have never had a man in public life who took upon himself uncomplainingly the woes of the nation and suffered in his soul from the weight of them as he did. We have never had a man in our history who had such a mixture of farsightedness, of understanding of the people, of common sense, of high sense of duty, of power, of inexorable logic, and of confidence in the goodness of God in working out a righteous result as this great product of the soil of Kentucky and Illinois.

U. S. President 1908-1912.

—WILLIAM H. TAFT.

A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
A quaint knight errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero, born of star and sod;
A Peasant Prince; a masterpiece of God.

—WALTER MALONE.

All men are not honored by their contemporaries, but in subsequent ages their memories are recalled with gratitude. But here is one who was more honored than any other man while living, more revered when dying, and destined to be loved to the last syllable of recorded time. He has his threefold greatness: Great in life, great in death, great in the history of the world.

—BISHOP NEWMAN.

FONDLY do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in—to bind up the nation's wound; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Second Inaugural Address.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[Thirty-one



THE OLD GUARD

I can hear the muffled tramping of a thousand restless feet,
I can see the blue smoke curling from the army's safe retreat;
I can hear the sentry's footsteps, and his call of "All is well,"
Though the weary guard is sleeping at the gaping jaws of hell.
Gaunt and weary from their marching; in their uniforms of gray,
Hungry, footsore, aye, and thirsty, at the ending of each day,
Shoulders aching from their burdens, but with eyes that never dim,
Only when some shrieking shrapnel sings aloud their dying hymn.

I can see them madly charging o'er the blood-encrusted soil,
I can hear their shouts of victory as the lines of blue recoil;
I can see their thin ranks rally in the cannon's scorching breath,
And I see the still forms lying, sightless eyes all glazed in death;
Loud and clear I hear the echo as the sounding bugle calls,
From the death-strewn field of conflict, down through Memory's dusty halls,
And I see the lines advancing slowly, 'neath the summer sun,
See the forms all cold and lifeless, when the awful day is done.

All the glory of the future, with a crown of fame at last,
Cannot dim the eyes of Memory as they look into the past;
All the wealth the world can give us though we never know the cost,
Cannot compensate the sorrow for the loved ones we have lost;
We shall mourn them through the passing of the future's empty years,
We shall purify their memory with the river of our tears,
We shall drop a budding flower, gently, on each silent grave,
Love and honor to our heroes, they the bravest of the brave.
—WILL D. MUSE.

Dedicated to the Confederate Veterans.
Written for "Real Patriotism." Copr. by Pubs.



Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silent envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, the truth's. —SHAKESPEARE.

Henry VIII, Act iii, Scene 2.

Thirty-two]



THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH

WITH pride I dedicate an humble tribute to the women of my own land, the Southland—to the mothers and grandmothers, the sisters and sweethearts of a generation ago. My knowledge of them is gleaned from family tradition, and from personal experiences related to me, and also from the opinions of men such as Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, and even William T. Sherman, and from what I know of the sons and daughters of these same women, to-day. Truly, the devotion of the Southern woman to her high ideals, her patient endurance, her lofty sentiment, fired the Southern patriot and made possible his almost miraculous record of '61 to '65. For always back of the armies of the South were the women of the South, cheering and urging to achievement, and with their endless knitting and sewing rough garments. Soldiers have said that in the stillness of the night, they could hear, like the whirring of insects wings, the busy click-click of the needles, and that they knew every stitch registered a prayer. Sublime as the South was in her manhood, sublimer still was she in her womanhood. Theirs was a courage and a moral heroism of a finer texture than that which actuated her men, for the latter, in their enforced marches, in camp life and in actual battle, had the comradeship of friends, the hand-clasp, and the promise of glory, the excitement, the enthusiasm to spur them on, while the women in their seclusion, amid their children and dependents, with the awful problem of feeding, clothing and guarding, knew a courage and devotion that could only come from above.

All that these women had of beauty, grace, sentiment, and love of luxury, and adornment, they threw into the awful crucible of war; every trinket, every jewel, their silks and laces were sold to buy comforts for the men at the front. They nursed the wounded and tilled the fields while they held ever higher and higher the patriotic symbols of the South, lightening too, by every art and blandishment, the awful horrors of war. And at its close, when the mightier questions arose of military rule, of the confiscation of lands, of negro supremacy and "what not," still the sentiment of the Southern woman was felt supreme, once ably expressed by a mountain woman of Tennessee, who declared:

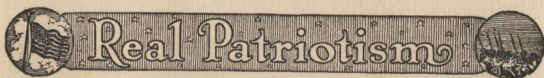
"Well, yer kin captivate the men and fisticate the lands, and arrogate the South, but I'll be dog-goned if you can conjugate the women."

Written for "Real Patriotism." —SALLIE BEARD SMITH.
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TRUE patriotism carries with it not hostility to other nations, but a quickened sense of responsible good-will towards other nations, a good-will of acts and not merely of words. I stand for a nationalism of duty, to oneself and to others; and, therefore, for a nationalism which is a means to inter-nationalism.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



Real Patriotism

THE AMERICAN FLAG

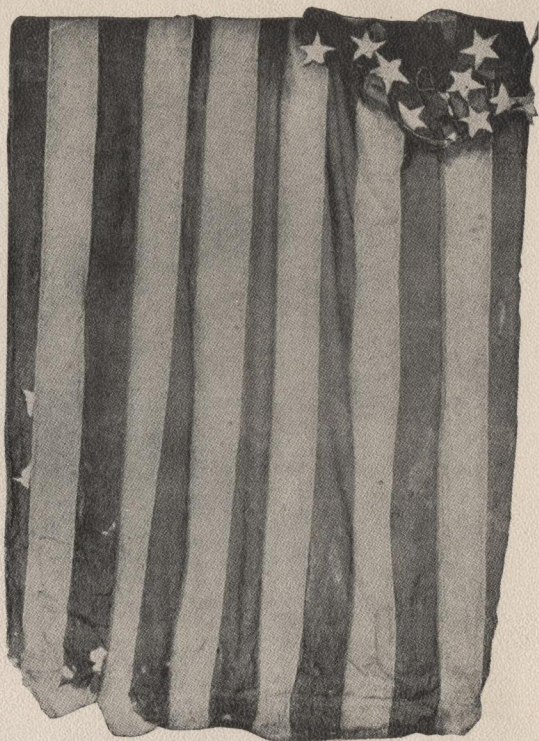
When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest tramping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of Heaven,—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blandings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.



"OLD GLORY"

THIS flag, in possession of the Essex Institute at Salem, Massachusetts, is believed to be the first to receive the title, "Old Glory," and it was so christened by Captain William Driver as he hoisted it over the brig "Charles Doggett" when it was put in his command in 1831. He kept it by him at all times, and it was exhibited on a great many occasions. When the Civil War broke out the Confederates tried to get possession of the flag, and searched his home at Nashville, however, he had securely sewed it in his bed covers, and it was not discovered. When the Federal troops entered Nashville on February 25, 1861, it was raised over the State Capitol. At his death in 1886 it was presented to the Essex Institute, where it is now carefully preserved.

Real Patriotism

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

—JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.



THE IMMORTALS

WE dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. Such men do not, cannot, die.

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "made it life to live," these cannot expire:

"Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

—EDWARD EVERETT.



GOD BLESS OUR FATHERLAND

God bless our fatherland,
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own;
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's friend;
On all her realms descend;
Protect her throne.

Father, in loving care
Guard Thou her kingdom's heir,
Guide all her ways;
Thine arm his shelter be
From harm by land and sea;
Bid storm and danger flee;
Prolong his days.

Lord, bid war's trumpet cease;
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under Thy wings;
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath Thy sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings.

—O. W. HOLMES.

[Thirty-five

Real Patriotism

THE Union is, indeed, restored when the hands that pulled down that flag come willingly and lovingly to put it up again. I come with a full heart and a steady hand to salute the flag that floats above me—my flag and your flag—the flag of the free heart's hope and home—the star-spangled banner of our fathers—the flag that, uplifted triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured, destined by the God of the universe to waft on its ample folds the eternal song of freedom to all mankind, emblem of the power on earth which is destined to exceed that on which it was said that the sun never went down.

The hundreds of thousands who fell on both sides did not die in vain. The power, the divine power, which made for us a garden of swords, sowing the land broadcast with sorrow, will reap thence for us, and for the ages; a Nation truly divine; a Nation of free men and of freedom; where Tolerance shall walk hand in hand with Religion, while Civilization points out to Patriotism the many open highways to Human Right and Glory.

—HENRY WATTERSON.



WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement of labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a State.

—SIR WILLIAM JONES.



TRUE PATRIOTISM

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however other stray;
And leaves his sons an uttermost bequest—
A stainless record which all men may read;
This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide;
No dew but has an errand to some flower;
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray;
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power;
There is no better way.

—Anonymous.



Real Patriotism



BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword:

His Truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damp;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel:

"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat:

O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my
feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,

While God is marching on.

—JULIA WARD HOWE.

[Julia Ward Howe, while visiting with friends in Washington at the close of the year, 1861, attended a review of the Union Troops on the Virginia side of the Potomac. During her stay in camp, she witnessed a sudden and unexpected attack of the enemy. On the ride back to the city, the party sang a number of war songs, including "John Brown's Body." That night while she was lying in a dark room, line after line, and verse after verse of the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic" was composed.]



CIVIL WAR—1861

I VISIT their mothers or sisters, their fathers or
brothers, when the fatal news arrive, I go with fear—
dreading to meet a great and hopeless anguish. I find
Heaven there, I find the peace of God in their souls.
I go to carry sympathy, and words of comfort; but I
receive instead inspiration. The boy falling on the
battle-field, renews all the tales of Greek and Roman
heroism. Your brothers and sons are to be spoken of
in history forever, and are to be the illuminating lights
of the coming age.

—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

[Thirty-seven



Real Patriotism



Four hundred thousand men,
 The brave, the good, the true,
 In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
 On battle plain, in prison pen,
 Lie dead for me and you.
 Four hundred thousand of the brave
 Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
 For me and you,
 Good friend, for me and you.

A debt we ne'er can pay
 To them is justly due;
 And to the nation's latest day
 Our children's children still shall say
 "They died for me and you."
 Four hundred thousand of the brave
 Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
 For me and you,
 Good friend, for me and you.

—Anonymous.



LIBERTY FOR ALL

They tell me, Liberty! that in thy name
 I may not plead for all the human race;
 That some are born to bondage and disgrace,
 Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
 And some to power supreme, and glorious fame:
 With my whole soul I spurn the doctrine base,
 And, as an equal brotherhood, embrace
 All people, and for all fair freedom claim!
 Know this, O man! whate'er thy earthly fate—
 God never made a tryant nor a slave:
 Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
 His glorious image! for to all He gave
 Eternal rights, which none may violate;
 And, by a mighty hand, the oppressed He yet shall
 save!

—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.



HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 Their Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—WILLIAM COLLINS.

Real Patriotism

THE average American citizen is, I believe, the possessor of an intense patriotism, although he may not wear it upon his sleeve. The truest patriot is not always that man who makes a fetish of his loyalty, who joins most lustily in the singing of "America" and insists on saluting the flag—when he is where his act will be observed of all men.

The patriotism that counts for most when the Nation calls upon her citizenry in peril's darkest hour, is too deep, too sacred a thing to be kept on dress parade. But let the call come, and the loyalty in the man's fiber springs instantly into hot-blooded life and he flies in thought to the defense of his country, ready to yield up his life if need be for the sake of the land that gave him birth.

However, it may be that some have permitted their selfish interests to deaden their sense of duty to the Nation, and it is well to appeal to them and the children who are to be the citizens of to-morrow, that the divine spark may be kept fully alive in their hearts. Truest patriotism is an unquenchable yearning for all that is finest in a Nation's ideals. The spirit of patriotism is the great asset of our country and its hope for the future lies in the certainty that its appeal in time of peace, no less than in time of strife, shall never fall upon a people disloyal or indifferent.

Written for "Real Patriotism."

—S. V. STEWART.

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Governor of Montana, 1915-16.



THE following address to the Governor of Massachusetts by Major-General Couch upon delivering the flags of the hundred Massachusetts regiments and batteries, on December 22, 1865, is an expression of patriotism of worthy Americans, and should be a valued lesson:

"May it please your Excellency: We have come here to-day as the representatives of the army of volunteers furnished by Massachusetts for the suppression of the rebellion, bringing these colors in order to return them to the State which intrusted them to our keeping. You must, however, pardon us if we give them up with profound regret—for these tattered shreds forcibly remind us of long and fatiguing marches, cold bivouacs, and many hard-fought battles. The rents in their folds, the battle-stains on their escutcheons, the blood of our comrades that has sanctified the soil of a hundred fields, attest the sacrifices that have been made, the courage and constancy shown, that the nation might live. It is, sir, a peculiar satisfaction and pleasure to us that you, who have been an honor to the State and nation, from your marked patriotism and fidelity throughout the war, and have been identified with every organization before you, are now here to receive back, as the State custodian of her precious relics, these emblems of the devotion of her sons. May it please your Excellency, the colors of the Massachusetts volunteers are returned to the State."



Real Patriotism



OUR HERO DEAD

TILL the mountains are worn out and the rivers forget to flow—till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honor, which are inscribed upon the book of national remembrance!

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.



THERE are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals and immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear their breathings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed. When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when, at last, its parting folds admitted the martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men.

—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

From an oration on Abraham Lincoln.



WILLIAM McKINLEY

THERE is not one of us but feels prouder of his native land because the august figure of Washington presided over its beginnings; no one but vows it a tenderer love because Lincoln poured out his blood for it; no one but must feel his devotion for his country renewed and kindled when he remembers how McKinley loved, revered, and served it, showed in his life how a citizen should live, and in his last hour taught us how a gentleman could die.

—JOHN HAY.

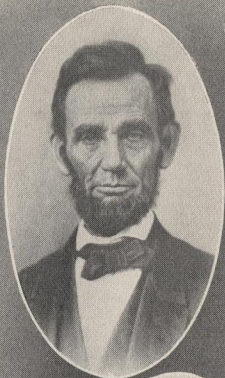


JAMES A. GARFIELD

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homeless and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of the heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the star. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

—BLAINE.

On the Death of Garfield.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
JAMES A. GARFIELD
WILLIAM MC KINLEY

Real Patriotism

EXCERPTS FROM PUBLIC UTTERANCES OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

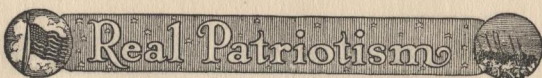
THE duties of peace are with us always; those of war are but occasional; and with a nation as with a man, the worthiness of life depends upon the way in which the everyday duties are done. The home duties are the vital duties. But in addition we need to remember that a peculiar relationship rests upon the man in public life. The great leaders, whether in war or in peace, must of course show a peculiar quality of genius; but the most redoubtable armies that have ever existed have been redoubtable because the average soldier, the average officer, possessed to a high degree such comparatively simple qualities as loyalty, courage and hardihood. And so the most successful governments are those in which the average public servant possesses that variant of loyalty which we call patriotism, together with common sense and honesty. . . . No country can long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, from hard, unsparing effort in the fields of industrial activity; but neither was any nation ever yet truly great if it relied upon material prosperity alone. All honor must be paid to the architects of our material prosperity. . . . For great is the debt of the nation to these. . . . But our debt is yet greater to the men . . . who showed by their lives that they recognized the law of work, the law of strife; they toiled to win a competence for themselves and those dependent upon them; but they recognized that there were yet other and even loftier duties—duties to the nation and duties to the race . . . the goal of true national greatness.



You have no longer any cause to fear danger from abroad; your strength and power are well known throughout the civilized world, as well as the high and gallant bearing of your sons. It is from within, among yourselves, from cupidity, from corruption, from disappointed ambition, and inordinate thirst for power, that factions will be formed and liberty endangered. It is against such designs, whatever disguise the actors may assume, that you have especially to guard yourselves. You have the highest of human trusts committed to your care. Providence has showered on this favored land blessings without number, and has chosen you, as the guardians of freedom, to preserve it for the benefit of the human race. May He who holds in his hands the destinies of nations make you worthy of the favors He has bestowed, and enable you, with pure hearts, and pure hands, and sleepless vigilance, to guard and defend to the ends of Time, the great charge He has committed to your keeping. I thank God that my life has been spent in a land of liberty, and that he has given me a heart to love my country with the affection of a son.

—JACKSON.

From his Farewell Address, 1837.



THE STORY OF JOHNNY CLEM

Clem, John L., born in Ohio, 13 Aug. 1851; Musician and Lance Sergeant, Co. C, 22 Regiment, Mich. Infantry, 1 May, 1863; mustered out 19 Sept., 1864; 2 Lieut. 24 Infantry, 18 Dec., 1871, accepted 23 Jan., 1872; 1st. Lieut. 5 Oct., 1874; Capt. A. Qmr., 4 May, 1882, accepted 20 May, 1882; Major, Qmr., 16 May, 1895; Lieut. Col. D. Qmr. Genl., 2 Feby., 1901; Col. Asst. Qmr. Genl., 15 Aug., 1903; Brigadier General, retired, 13 Aug., 1915. Graduate Artillery School, 1875. —(*Extract from "Official Army Register, 1916."*)

A SERGEANT at twelve years of age and a Lieutenant at twenty, for gallantry on the field of battle, and now a Brigadier General, U. S. Army, retired, the last survivor of the Civil War to be transferred from the active to the retired list—that is the record of Johnny Clem, the "Drummer Boy of Chickamauga!"

Johnny was just an ordinary boy of nine years when the great Civil War burst upon the nation. At the first call for volunteers by President Lincoln, Johnny valiantly presented himself to the recruiting officer and begged to be enlisted. He was informed that the country needed men, not children, and was promptly rejected.

Johnny was hardly ten, and small for his age (indeed, he is not very big now, and is still called "Johnny" by those who love him, though fifty-five years have passed) and he now wears on his epaulettes the star of a Brigadier General, but he was undismayed by the rough, if kindly, advice of the mustering officer to "run away and play."

Johnny decided to take the advice offered him, but not exactly in the way it was meant; he did "run away and play," but he "ran away" from home and "played" a drum. It was not just as Johnny would like to have had it, for, though he was allowed to follow the regiment and was given a nondescript suit of cast-off uniform and an old drum, he was not officially borne on the rolls. This hurt Johnny's feelings; the fires of valor and patriotism burned in his small body and Johnny yearned to be a real soldier, and not a camp follower. At eleven years of age his importunings prevailed and he was—rather reluctantly he it said on the part of the Colonel of the regiment—duly mustered in as "Musician, Company C, 22 Michigan Infantry." He solemnly promised to "grow an inch" if he were allowed to enlist. Johnny was happy and shared uncomplainingly in all the hardships of campaign and camp life in which his regiment participated.

At last his opportunity came. It was at the desperately fought battle of Chickamauga. Being considered too little to carry a musket—they weighed twelve pounds in those days and Johnny himself weighed only fifty-three—Johnny still proudly carried his drum—proud because, as a field musician, he was allowed to march at the head of the regiment.

The 22nd Michigan was one of the regiments which bore the brunt of the action in that sanguinary conflict, Chickamauga. As the tide of battle surged, ebbed and flowed, on the fateful day, September 19, 1863, around the famous Snodgrass House, Johnny was in the forefront of his regiment with his drum, standing his chance

Real Patriotism

of being killed by the rain of bullets; but without even the stimulant to his courage in being able to return the enemy's fire, for he carried a drum and a drum isn't of much use as a weapon of defense.

Suddenly a breach was made in the Union lines which threatened disaster; Johnny's regiment (what there was left of it) wavered and broke under the torrent of fire. There was no officer near left alive to give orders or take steps to stay the panic which swept the line. Johnny saw his nearest comrades either fall, stricken, or turn to seek safety in headlong flight. What should he do? His legs were too short to avail him much in flight, were he to choose to run; besides, his drum was bulky and impeded him. He *could* not run, that was certain, he must remain where he was.

Seeing him standing irresolute, one of his fleeing comrades as he passed the boy, excitedly urged: "The 'Johnnies' are coming, kid; you'd better 'beat it!'" He looked wildly around him for a moment and found himself alone; his regiment was routed, on the run, and the Rebel lines were advancing!

"Beat it!" What did it mean? He had had no orders, and even a drummer must have orders before he can beat it. But *something* must be done, and done quickly. "Beat it!" They were all "beating it," and so must he; yes, that's what he would do! Why had he not thought of beating it before? Even now it might not be too late, but he could not "beat it" with his legs—it must be with his sticks. Johnny, you see, was used to taking advice: "Run away and play!" and now, "Beat it!"

Suddenly, blended with the din of battle, was heard the rattle of the drum; louder and clearer it grew, the nimble sticks plied in the hands of a twelve-year old boy who stood alone, beating the rally—*without orders!* Men who had caught the infection of the rout, paused in their headlong flight and faced the Rebel line again, closing in on the intrepid drummer who continued to beat the inspiring call, until his drum was rendered useless by being pierced with a minnie-ball. But it had done its duty—he had "beat it!"

The stampede was checked and the day was saved. An inquiry was made as to who gave the timely orders; no one knew. Finally, when Johnny was found, he was holding at the muzzle of a musket he had picked up on the battlefield, a Confederate colonel whom he had captured, single handed.

For this exploit Johnny was, at the age of twelve years, promoted on the field of battle—"Personal and conspicuous gallantry in action" is how the official record reads—and was invested with a Sergeant's chevrons, the last surviving symbol of the feudal days of chivalry. That is how he got to be a lieutenant in the Regular Army and the right to retire as a Brigadier General—the last active survivor of the Union Army of the Civil War. This is the story of Johnny Clem, drummer boy and Brigadier General, United States Army, "Johnny Clem of Chickamauga."

C. M. PERKINS, Colonel, U. S. Marines.

Written for "Real Patriotism." Copr. by Pubs.

Real Patriotism

LITTLE GIFFIN OF TENNESSEE

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen—
Spectre such as you seldom see,
Little Giffin of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon said,
"But much your Doctor can help the dead!"
And so we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed,
Utter Lazarus, heels to head.

Weary war with bated breath!
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death!
Months of torture, how many such,
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
And still the glint of the steel blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't—nay, more, in Death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
"Dear Mother," at first, of course, and then,
"Dear Captain," asking about the men.
Captain's answer, "Of eighty and five,
Giffin and I are left alive."

"Johnston's pressed at the front" they say—
Little Giffin was up and away.
A tear, the first, as he bade good bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared." There was news of fight,
But none of Giffin—he didn't write.

I sometimes fancy that when I'm king,
And my gallant courtiers form a ring,
Each so careless of power and pelf,
Each so thoughtful for all but self,
I'd give the best, on his bended knee—
Yes, barter them all, for the loyalty
Of Little Giffin of Tennessee.

—DR. TICKNOR.



THE debt of gratitude which we owe to the nation's defenders can never be repaid, either by this or future generations; yet the acknowledged gift of the obligation each year, in various forms and in a multitude of places through this broad land, purifies our ideas and brings us all together in sympathy of sentiment and unity of purpose.

—WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Real Patriotism

A COLONEL of a Connecticut regiment in presenting the colors, the Stars and Stripes, which the color-sergeant was to carry thereafter, made to him this speech: "Color-bearer, take this flag, fight for it; ah! die for it, but never yield it into the hands of the enemy." The color-sergeant—and he was a lad of eighteen, with the red wine of life coursing through his veins—spoke back to the colonel: "Colonel, I will bring that flag back to you in honor, or I will report to God the reason why." Within a week that color-sergeant fell, but he fell with the Stars and Stripes upon his breast. He did not take it back, but God Almighty knew the reason why. He gave the best he had—his own life's blood—to save it.

—WILLIAM MCKINLEY.



I HAVE never had a feeling politically that did not spring from sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but to the world in all future time.

—LINCOLN.



A NATION is not worthy to be saved if, in the hour of its fate, it will not gather up all its jewels of manhood and life, and go down into the conflict, however bloody and doubtful, resolved on measureless ruin or complete success.

—JAMES A. GARFIELD.



THE man who will exalt himself by making his country poor is the enemy of all, and the man who is willing at times to be poor and hated and ostracized, if need be, that the principles of his country may prevail, that man is the true patriot.



He rests with the immortals; his journey has been long: For him no wail of sorrow, but a paean full and strong! So well and bravely has he done the work he found to do, To justice, freedom, duty, God, and man forever true.

—WHITTIER.



PATRIOTISM depends as much on mutual suffering as on mutual success; and it is by that experience of all fortunes and all feelings that a great national character is created.

—DISRAELI.



PATRIOTISM has its roots deep in the instincts and the affections. Love of country is the expansion of filial love.

—DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

[Forty-five



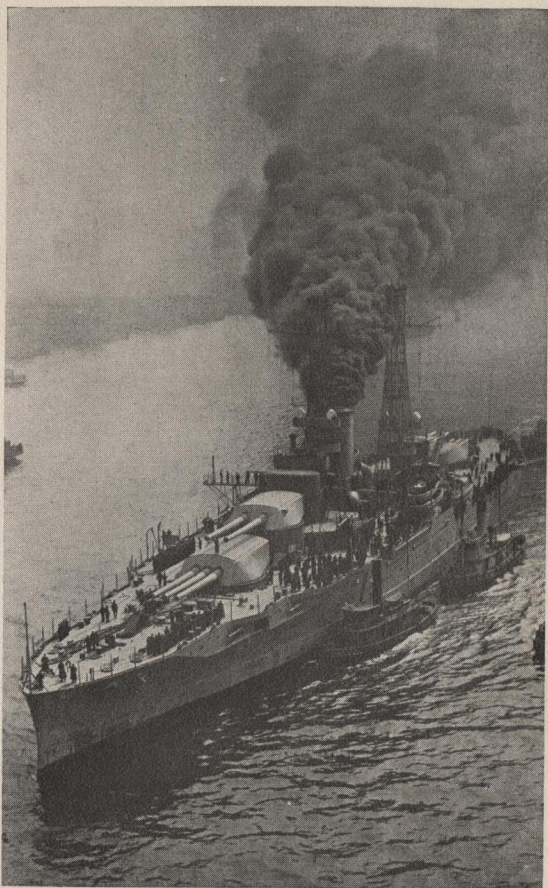
SALUTE TO THE FLAG

Flag of our great Republic—
Symbol of human liberty,
Inspirer in battle,
Guardian of our homes—
Whose stripes and stars
Stand for courage, purity and union,
We salute thee!
We, the children of many lands,
Who find rest and safety
Under thy folds,
Give our hands, our heads
And our hearts to thee:
We pledge our lives
And sacred honor
To guard and revere thee
And our beloved country.
Forever.”



CAPTAIN PAUL JONES, one of our most daring naval officers, received the first official salute to the Stars and Stripes. He was only thirty years of age and was appointed to the command of the *Ranger*. His first duty was to escort a number of merchantmen to France. As soon as he sighted the French coast, he planned to secure a salute for his flag, but read the story as he reported it:

“I am happy to have it in my power to congratulate you on my having seen the American flag for the first time recognized in the fullest and completest manner by the flag of France. I was off this bay on the 13th inst., and sent my boat in the next day to know if the Admiral would return my salute. He answered that he would return to me as the senior American continental officer in Europe, the same salute he was authorized to return to an Admiral of Holland or any other republic, which was four guns less than the salute given. I hesitated at this for I demanded gun for gun. Therefore, I anchored in the entrance to the bay at some distance from the French fleet, but after a very particular inquiry on the 14th, finding he really told me the truth, I was induced to accept his offer, the more as it was an acknowledgement of American independence. The wind being contrary and blowing hard, it was after sunset before the *Ranger* was near enough to salute *Le Motte Piquet*, with thirteen guns which he returned with nine. However, to put the matter beyond a doubt, I did not suffer the Independence to salute until the next morning, when I sent word to the Admiral that I would sail through the fleet and would salute him in open day. He was exceedingly pleasant and returned the compliment also with nine guns.”



THE NEVADA

The superdreadnaught Nevada, the most powerful American warship, launched in 1914, was completed and formally turned over to the government at League Island, March 11th, 1916. It is 575 feet long and 95 feet broad; is protected by $13\frac{1}{2}$ to 18 inch armour, and has a battery of 51 guns. Total cost \$5,895,000. Oil is burned in the engines, which have a 24,800 horsepower.



Real Patriotism

TRUE patriotism is not the jingo spirit, the war spirit, the cheap, noisy, boasting, strutting kind of grandstand parade and bluster which sometimes passes for patriotism, but that strong affection for home and country, that deep devotion to its welfare, its government, its president, its people, its institutions, its progress and its achievements, which prompts a true citizen, whatever his place or station in life, voluntarily and always to do any act, whenever and wherever opportunity offers, or patriotism suggests, that will benefit his neighbor, his home community, his State, or his country, and aid their progress and well being.

Not the least of these opportunities is standing at all times for decent and honest government, taking a personal and an active interest in public matters and affairs in the home community; in being in every way what is meant when we refer to a person as a good citizen, as public-spirited, as a fine man or a fine woman.

I believe it is this kind of patriotism that our flag stands for, as it wrinkles, curls and smiles in the breeze, and I feel sorry for the person who can look upon that flag without catching the thrill of gladness and well-being which radiates from the play of its beautiful colors. It is the banner of happiness, of optimism, of good cheer and of courage—the courage that dares to do right whatever the consequences. I thank God that Uncle Sam's flag—your flag and my flag—is not the banner of war but of peace and good-will; it is not the banner of blood-lust, but of brotherhood and humanity; it is not the banner of conquest but of justice and liberty. Its mission now and always is to bring light to the world, peace on earth, good will toward all men and all nations. To me in these troublous times, the Stars and Stripes typify the spirit and the genius of the Kansas people and I realize as I look at that flag that we shall always stand by it and stand for it; that we shall stand by it through every exigency and emergency as one people, united and entire, wherever our duty to humanity and to ourselves may lead us.

Written for "Real Patriotism."

—ARTHUR CAPPER.

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Governor of Kansas, 1915.



GENTLEMEN, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler efforts for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and power of earth.

—WM. MCKINLEY.

His last speech.

Real Patriotism

BLUE AND GRAY

'Twas a sight to be long remembered,
That I saw on the cars one day
As the train was flying southward,
In the latter part of May.
It was only two aged women
Who met by chance that day,
One had eyes of loveliest blue,
The other, the sweetest gray.

"Where go you?" said the blue-eyed one
To her with the eyes of gray.
"I'm going to visit my husband's grave,
In the Southland far away."
"Was he a soldier?" the blue-eyed asked,
As she gazed in the eyes of gray;
And half unconsciously she grasped
Her hand in a loving way.

The eyes of gray lit up with pride;
"Yes, he was a soldier true:
He fell at the battle of Shiloh,"
"Oh! there's where mine fell, too."
And then they clasped each other and wept,
The eyes of blue and gray
Mingled their flood of sympathy
As the train sped on its way.

"What uniform did your 'soldier' wear?"
"My soldier wore the blue."
"Ah," said the other, "mine wore the gray."
"No matter, they both were true."
"Yes, they were true, our loved and lost,
True till their dying day.
And it matters not what they wore on earth,
They are clothed in white to-day."

And when we came to the station
A very small town by the way,
The men all stood bareheaded
As the two went on their way.
They walked up the street together,
Like children hand in hand,
Out on the country highway
Where the old church used to stand.

And on and on till they reached the place
Where their soldiers brave were laid;
Then they kissed and wept o'er each grave alike
And together knelt down and prayed;
Then each told the other about the past,
How they lived with their children dear,
And agreed, while God would spare their lives,
To meet there once a year.

And then they walked back to the station,
These soldiers' widows in tears,
Helped by each other's sympathy,
To bear their burden of years,

Real Patriotism

Back to the West they traveled,
To their children, kind and true;
One with eyes of the sweetest gray,
The other, the loveliest blue.

—New York Sun.



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
clouds of the fight
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

[Francis Scott Key was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 1, 1779. He died in Washington, D. C., January 11, 1843. During the War of 1812-1815, when the British fleet lay in the Chesapeake Bay, Mr. Key went out from Baltimore in a small boat under a flag of truce to ask the release of a friend who had been captured. Instead of securing his friend, Mr. Key was held and during twenty-four hours' fire continued upon Ft. McHenry, he watched the flag which Lord Cockburn said would "yield in a few hours." As the second morning of his capture broke, he saw the flag wave in its familiar place. He then and there composed the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner."]

Real Patriotism

IN one word patriotism is the result of and means service. We are really attached only to that which enlists our service and incidentally demands of us some sacrifice; we give ourselves with our love; where there is no giving of self there is no real loving. Our strongest attachments live where our service has been given; the home that exacts nothing of the child is not treasured in the memory of the man or the woman. Where we serve we love. To promote patriotism therefore it is necessary to exact some kind of service or sacrifice of the citizen; the continuous conferring of benefits does not produce love in the real recipient of them; it promotes self-consciousness, the opposite of love. Those only love who serve. Those only love God who serve Him. The strongest family ties are found where mutual and reciprocal sacrifices have been created and nursed them. The state must not, therefore, be satisfied with conferring benefits upon the citizen. If it wants to promote patriotism it must exact service or sacrifice of him or her. Whatever policies, therefore, conduce to this end kindle and keep alive patriotism and are absolutely essential to its quickening and development. More direct community service should be exacted of our children and the school house is a good place to start this.

Written for "Real Patriotism."

—THEO. G. BILBO.

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Governor of Mississippi, 1915—.



THE sword of Lee should be as much the pride of the nation as that of Grant. The historian will soon recognize the principles for which both armies contended and will ascribe to each the sincere motives by which it was controlled. Already, as the clouds of war have rolled away and the blindness of passion has subsided, leaving the perspective clear, the world begins to see more definitely the position occupied by the two opposing forces, and I believe the day will come when it will be admitted that the North was contending for the Union even if the Constitution must be sacrificed, and the South was contending for the Constitution even though the Union should perish, each division regarding its principle the most vital.

—REV. W. C. GRACE.



THE bravery of the Confederate soldiers on the field of battle has never been surpassed in the annals of the world, but great as this was the sublime courage with which after the war they took up the duties of civic life, after returning to their ruined and desolate homes, has commanded the respect and admiration of the world. The evening shades of life are falling for the survivors of that dreadful conflict and one by one they are being laid to rest in their last camping ground.

—GRADY.



THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN

Real Patriotism

"WE WANT PATRIOTS IN EVERY DAY LIFE"

WE are too often content with a vague notion of duty to country. Some who would give their lives for their country in time of war are satisfied in time of peace with any conduct promoting their own benefit which comes close enough to the line of rectitude to keep them out of jail. They may have patriotism which is useful in a great national emergency, but at other times they constitute a menace to the country which they profess to love. The man who regards with sullen indifference the congested life in our great city, who is content to pleasantly wrap himself in the garment of prosperity and think of his fellow creatures as ignorant and disorderly masses with whom he has nothing in common, has small right to pride himself upon the valor of his Revolutionary ancestors or talk of his patriotic devotion to his country. He who in ostentatious parade, in idle indifference to all that makes for better living, in disregard of opportunity to serve his fellow men, turns a deaf ear to the voice of entreaty which comes from his struggling brother, does not know for what our fathers died and has yet to learn why this Union should be preserved. The man who by the inflation of values seeks to compel an exaggerated return for public service, does not appreciate the meaning of the battle of Lexington. We want patriots in finance; we want patriots in the organization of our corporations; we want patriots in the management of our public utilities.

Frederic E. Hughes

As published in *The Journal of American History*, when Governor of New York in 1907, and used at this time by personal permission of Justice Hughes.



I MEAN to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and Truth's. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer or if he fall in defense of the liberties and Constitution of his country.

—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Speech, United States Senate, July 17, 1850. "The Compromise Measure."

Real Patriotism

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-bye!"

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-night on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near,
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp ground.

—WALTER KITTREDGE.

[Walter Kittredge was born in Merrimack, Hillsboro County, New Hampshire, October 8, 1832. In the first year of the Civil War, he published a small original song book. It is said that in 1862 while preparing to go to the front, both the words and music of "Tenting On the Old Camp Ground" was composed.]



LET us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, *our country, our Whole country, and nothing but our country.* And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

—DANIEL WEBSTER.



TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Our affectionate sympathy and our loyal support to the man, who by virtue of his great office is our spokesman to the world and who speaks for our right and our honor, as God gives him to see our rights and our honor.

—FRANK B. NOYES.

Real Patriotism

GIVE US MEN

Aye, give us men!
With flesh of brawn and soul of fire,
Men who think and thinking act,
Who as the early Plymouth sire
Defend the right as he did then.

Aye, men we need
With bodies clean and purpose true,
Unafraid and wise and just,
Who look beyond the hour and thro'
The murky mist of self and greed.

We must have men
Who love their country and their home—
Hearts that leap, when lifting breeze
Bears high our flag 'neath Heaven's dome,
To wield the sword, the plow, or pen.

And men who know
The primrose path not always best,
Men who lead and leading thus
Think not of fortune's phantom quest,
But how to *stand and mount and grow*.

—MAUDE DEVERSE NEWTON.

Written for "Real Patriotism." Copr. by Pubs.



AMERICA AND PATRIOTISM ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

PATRIOTISM is love of country, and loyalty to its life and weal—love tender and strong, tender as the love of son for mother, strong as the pillars of death; loyalty generous and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save country's honor and country's triumph.

Patriotism! There is magic in the word. It is bliss to repeat it. Through ages the human race burnt the incense of admiration and reverence at the shrines of patriotism. The most beautiful pages of history are those which recount its deeds. Fireside tales, the outpourings of the memories of peoples, borrow from it their warmest glow. Poets are sweetest when they re-echo its whisperings; orators are most potent when they thrill its chords to music.

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme value. The value of patriotism to a people is above gold and precious stones, above commerce and industry, above citadels and warships. Patriotism is the vital spark of national honor; it is the fount of the nation's prosperity, the shield of the nation's safety. Take patriotism away, the nation's soul has fled, bloom and beauty have vanished from the nation's countenance.

Real Patriotism

A PATRIOT STILL

OUT of a broad window leans a youth, a mere boy of eighteen. His cheek is flushed, and his eye glows with unusual fire. One shapely hand rests on the cold steel of an old-fashioned rifle that lies across the window seat. It is his dead father's rifle. Its touch thrills him to the heart, for he is the last of a line of soldiers.

The poor, well-nigh useless old weapon whose iron throat had long ago echoed amidst the din of battle waged for the right, seems to speak to him, to beckon him on. He sees the smoke of conflict, hears the deep roll of drums. Other thoughts come to him. He sighs, and his head droops. He is the support and comfort of his widowed mother. She lies sick and feeble in an adjoining room. Can he be true and leave her? Yet can he be a patriot and go on, day by day, to the musty office, while others fight for his country's honor? Oh, it is too much, this sacrifice of every aspiration, every longing of his soul! How can he see the flag sweep proudly over field and flood, and he not there to strike for humanity and for his beloved country? But his mother! How could he trample her heart amidst the dust of the battle field!

He enters his mother's room, and the pale face on the pillow lights up with a fond mother's smile. He tries to speak, but cannot. She seems to be reading his thought. "My boy would be a soldier?" she asks. He makes no reply. "Your own reason must decide this, darling," she says, in a low voice, tremulous with anxiety. "No son of mine must be a slave. You are free." Her voice breaks in a sob. He raises his head, and gives her one piercing look. Then his face fills with determination. "Mother," he whispers, "brave little mother, my place as yet is beside you."

As it comes to her what this sacrifice has cost him, the tears rise like a mist before her. "My boy, not all the brave ones go to war. Remember, you are a patriot still. I may not long be with you, yet should the need become greater, should the worst befall our land, though it were my dying day, you shall go with my blessing."

The days pass on. He sits in his little office, while the soldiers are leaving for the front. Just once he goes to the window. The boys, his companions, trudging along with rifle and knapsack, glance up. He waves them good-by. He cannot trust himself to go to them. Then he hurries to his desk, and bends his head low. A hot tear blots the page. That tear to him is more than his warm life-blood. The soldiers have gone, with the blare of bugles and the beat of drums, but behind, obscure, unnoticed, hampered by four dingy walls, sits the last of a soldier line, "a patriot still."

—Author not known.

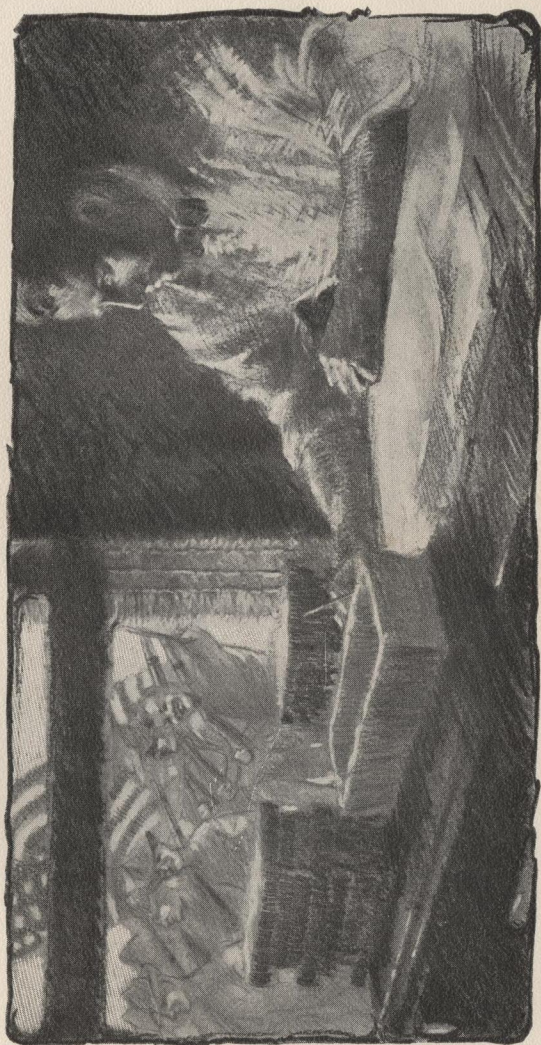


Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!

—FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

Marco Bozzaris.

Fifty-four]



A PATRIOT STILL

Real Patriotism

A LESSON IN PATRIOTISM

THERE was a man once who said, "Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

The man was the leading character in Edward Everett Hale's celebrated story, "The Man Without a Country." In the story he was accused of conspiring with Aaron Burr, was tried and made the fatal exclamation in the presence of the army officers assembled for the court-martial.

His punishment was in keeping with his expression. He was never again allowed to see his native land. From then on his life was spent aboard warships in foreign waters. He was never allowed to even hear the words, "The United States." He was allowed no books or papers from home and no one was allowed to tell him the news.

In all other respects he was given the freedom of the ships. It was the cruelest punishment that could be inflicted.

His repentance was bitter. One day, when the vessel he was on had captured a slave ship and liberated the prisoners he spoke of his sorrow to a young midshipman in the following stirring words:

"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home and without a country. If you are ever tempted to say a word or do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own Heaven. Stick to your family, boy. Forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy. Write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and dearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it, and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the serving carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her to-day."



OUR country, whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less; still our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.

—ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Toast, Faneuil Hall, July 4, 1845.

[Fifty-five

Real Patriotism

OUR SOLDIER

HE loved the peace of quiet ways; and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glance of tender eyes, left good-bye kisses on tiny lips, to look Death in the face on desperate fields.

—JOHN M. THURSTON.



WE may admire the desperate daring of others who prefer annihilation to compromise, but the palm of commonsense, and, I will say, of enlightened patriotism, belongs to the men like Grant and Lee, who knew when they had fought enough, for honor and for country.

—JOHN HAY.



We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?

—TENNYSON.



THE moment I heard of America, I loved her. The moment I knew she was fighting for freedom, I burnt with a desire of bleeding for her, and the moment I shall be able to serve her at any time, or in any part of the world, will be the happiest one of my life.

—LAFAYETTE.



ALTHOUGH a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace.
At London in 1877.

—GENERAL GRANT.



WITH Patriotism in our hearts and with the Flag of our Country in the hands of our children, there will be no danger of anarchy and there will be no danger to the Union.

—WILLIAM MCKINLEY.



A brave bright memory! His the stainless shield
No shame defaces and no envy mars!
When our far future's record is unsealed,
His name will shine among its morning stars.

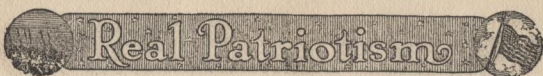
—HOLMES.



FOR ourselves, and our country, O Gracious God, we thank Thee, that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy Holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness.

—EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"Man Without a Country."



A SOUTHERN HERO

LAMAR FOUNTAINE, a Mississippian, who made claim to having written the poem, "All's Quiet Along the Potomac To-night," earned his "spurs" many times over. In May, 1863, he successfully carried a supply of percussion caps from Confederate General Loring's headquarters at Jackson, Miss., to General Pemberton, in Vicksburg. During this trip, he had several horses shot under him, and his clothing was repeatedly pierced by bullets, yet he was not injured. At the battle of Manassas, Fontaine was severely wounded by a cannon shot, so that he was unfitted for infantry service. Unwilling to be discharged, he procured a transfer to the Second Regiment, Virginia Cavalry. General Ewell stated in his official report, that near Winchester in company with a friend, he performed a feat without parallel in the annals of the war. These two young men, unassisted and alone, charged and captured a piece of artillery manned by eight of the enemy.

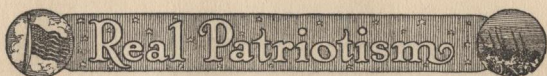
Near Strasbury, an exploding shell blew his horse to atoms and broke Fontaine's thigh. While being carried from the field, another shell wounded him in the hip. Soon after, when lying under a tree, a minnie-ball penetrated the back of his neck and passed down near the spine. His right leg and side remained paralyzed for a long time, but he joined his Company, performing military duties with his crutches tied to his saddle.



LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN WOMEN BY
JEFFERSON DAVIS

To
The women of the Confederacy,
Whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers
Soothed the last hours of those
Who died far from the objects of their tenderest love;
Whose domestic labors
Contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders
in the field;
Whose zealous faith in our cause
Shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds
Of war; whose fortitude
Sustained them under all the privations to which they
Were subjected;
Whose annual tribute
Expresses their enduring grief, love and reverence
For our sacred dead;
and
Whose patriotism
Will teach their children
To emulate the deeds of our Revolutionary sires.
From "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."



MAXIMS CONCERNING PATRIOTISM

A MAN who hath no sense of God or conscience, would you make such a one guardian to your child? If not, why a guardian to the state? . . . A fop or man of pleasure makes but a scurvy patriot. . . . He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave. . . . The patriot aims at his private good in the public; the knave makes the public subservient to his private interest. The former considers himself as a part of a whole; the latter considers himself as the whole. . . . Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred either to avoid a greater evil, or to procure a good. . . . When the heart is right, there is true patriotism. . . . The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing—each his own interest. . . . Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

—GEORGE BERKELEY.



LOVE your country. Your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart, blushing, whispered the first word of love; it is the home that God has given you, that, by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may prepare to ascend to Him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the people. Give to it your thoughts, your counsels, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful as it was foretold by our great men, and see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude; unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, as the thought of God.

—CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Real Patriotism

A LETTER WRITTEN TO A FRIEND, SEPT. 10,
1863, BY CHAS. RUSSELL LOWELL

I HOPE that you are going to live like a plain republican, mindful of the beauty and of the duty of simplicity. Nothing fancy now, sir, if you please; it's disreputable to spend money when the government is so hard up, and when there are so many poor officers. I hope that you have outgrown all foolish ambitions, and are now content to become a "useful citizen." Don't grow rich; if you once begin, you will find it much more difficult to be a useful citizen. Don't seek office, but don't "disremember" that the "useful citizen" always holds his time, his trouble, his money, and his life ready at the hint of his country. The useful citizen is a mighty, unpretending hero; but we are not going to have any country very long, unless such heroism is developed. There, what a stale sermon I'm preaching. But, being a soldier, it does seem to me that I should like nothing so well as being a useful citizen. Well, trying to be one, I mean. I shall stay in the service, of course, till the war is over, or till I'm disabled; but then I look forward to a pleasanter career.

I believe I have lost all my ambitions. I don't think I would turn my hand to be a distinguished chemist or a famous mathematician. All I now care about is to be a useful citizen, with money enough to buy bread and firewood, and to teach my children to ride on horseback, and look strangers in the face, especially Southern strangers.



DIFFICULT as the day is, and as this war has been, separated as I am, on account of it, from the dearest connection in life, I would not exchange my country for the wealth of the Indies, or be any other than an American, though I might be queen or empress of any nation upon the globe.

My soul is unambitious of pomp or power. Beneath my humble roof, blessed with the society and tenderest affection of my dear partner, I have enjoyed as much felicity, and as exquisite happiness as falls to the share of mortals. And though I have been called to sacrifice to my country, I can glory in my sacrifice and derive pleasure from my intimate connection with one who is esteemed worthy of the important trust devolved upon him.

—ABIGAIL ADAMS.

To her husband, John Adams, June 18, 1775.



SOME people, I know, quarrel with the term preparedness because of its generalness. It is for its very broadness that I like it, for the sweep of the word takes in the whole of American life; men and women as well as munitions, health and happiness as well as ships and guns, equality and justice as well as soldiers and sailors.

—CHARLES S. WHITMAN.

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Governor of New York, 1916.

Written for "Real Patriotism."

Real Patriotism

TRUE PATRIOTISM

How sweet it is to die for one's country! sing the poets of all lands. Religions have been built up on this sentiment, and the gates of Valhalla and Paradise have ever swung open to happy warriors who laid down their lives gloriously for the fatherland. But, surely, life and service are a higher kind of patriotism than death and the pageant of warriors. To call young men from productive work to put on a uniform and go forth to destroy other young men who love their country just as dearly, is a mockery of patriotism. The sword is the symbol of death both for nations and for men. I love my country with a deep, passionate devotion. I want to live for it, and I want others to live for it. But I hate with all the strength of my mind and spirit the false patriotism that destroys the lives of millions of useful young men, maims, blinds and maddens other millions, makes life hideous for still other millions, sweeps away the inheritance and the achievements of generations as in a moment.

The patriotism I believe in is the patriotism Christ taught—brotherhood and service. True patriotism would conserve the lives of the people and subordinate love of clan and love of country to the world-wide love of man. It would not call the people from their peaceful pursuits to murder one another. It would teach the farmers how to make their fields more productive. It would build clean cities full of sunshine, with plenty of parks and playgrounds, free schools, colleges, libraries and decent places of amusement. It would drain the marshes and bind the floods from overflowing. True patriotism would work with foresight, looking to the glory of a strong, intelligent, resourceful race. It would protect women and little children. It would care for the foreigners in every mine and factory, teach them and start them right in a strange land. It would foster art, literature, music, and science. It would not be satisfied until all had the essentials of civilization—decent lodgings, wholesome foods, proper medical care, healthful recreations and leisure to enjoy the fruits of their labor. Bulwarked with such patriotism our country would stand among the nations irresistible, under a just government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Such a government would observe good faith and justice towards all nations, and respect the right of all to life, liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness.

H2/27/21/21

Written for "Real Patriotism."
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Real Patriotism

GONE INTO CAMP

Thin are the blue-clad ranks to-day, once half a million
strong,
And slow and feeble are the feet that once marched
far and long;
Once more together they will march with slow, un-
certain tramp,
To see their comrades who have gone before them
into camp.

The tents are spread—the low, green tents, whose
curtains tightly closed;
No reveille will waken those who sweetly here repose;
No more their weary feet will toil o'er highways rough
and damp—
For them the long, hard march is done, for they've
gone into camp.

Their comrades come with songs and flowers; the banner
of their love
Floats proudly out upon the air, their low, closed tents
above;
Ah, many a mile they followed it with strong and steady
tramp
Before they heard the order given—"Break ranks—
go into camp."

—*American Primary Teacher.*



HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is not met with else-
where.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh give me the pleasures of home.

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

John Howard Payne was an Actor and Dramatist. Born in New York, June 17, 1791. The song, "Home, Sweet Home," is contained in his opera, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," produced in Convent Garden theatre, in 1823.

**Compilations of
SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD**

**GOOD FELLOWSHIP (First Section)
THE BEAUTIES OF FRIENDSHIP
ALL THAT'S LOVE-LY
PICTURES OF MEMORY
GLORIOUS MOTHER
DEAR OLD FATHER
THINGS BEAUTIFUL
THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE
STILL WATERS
GOOD FELLOWSHIP (Second Section)
REAL PATRIOTISM**

**THE GOLDSMITH-WOOLARD PUBLISHING CO.
Wichita, Kansas**

The Back Cover—Washington Monument.

It stands in a park on the banks of the Potomac, Washington, D. C., the exact site having been chosen by Washington. The corner stone was laid by President Polk, July 4, 1848, and on December 6, 1884, the cap stone was placed.

The foundations are 126 feet square, and 36 feet deep; the base is 55 feet square, and 15 feet thick. At the 500 foot mark, where the pyramid top begins, the shaft is 35 feet square, and 18 inches thick. 18,000 blocks of marble two feet thick were used. The height above the ground is 555 feet, making it the highest in the world. It is declared the best piece of masonry ever constructed.

An immense iron framework supports the machinery of the elevator which makes a trip every half hour, seven minutes being required for the ascent. Capacity 30 persons. Around the elevator shaft a staircase of 900 steps winds its way to the top where, through eight windows the capitol city and the whole of the surrounding country is unrolled like a map.

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